

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, July 29. 1708.

I Cannot discourse with my mad Man, but he tells so many wicked unhappy Truths, that I am forc'd to lay him aside every now and then, for Fear of his Lunatick Excursions.

Mad Man. You may lay me aside as often as you please another Time, but I will not be laid aside just now, for the Case requires it, and I will speak.

Review. What is the mighty new Occasion you have offer'd? Pray, let's hear it.

M. Why truly, the Occasions are various, but chiefly upon the Occasion of the late Victory in *Flanders*; without doubt it is a Victory, and a great Victory, but I find Abundance of People going mad about it, and when mad Men are talking, I am sure,

it is my Time to put in my Word, and I claim to be heard among the Crowd.

Rev. What can they be going mad about? Sure they must allow it to be a Victory, a glorious Victory; They must expose themselves that will dispute that; the Retreat of the *French*, the Number of Prisoners, the Standards and the Colours all acknowledge it; nay, the Duke *De Vendôme* acknowledges it in his Retreat to the Canal of *Bruges*, and fortifying himself there, and innumerable Consequences more acknowledge it.

M. It's no matter for that; we have mad Folk among us upon this Head too—

Rev. What is it they would be at?

M. O Abundance of Things they would be at; they are lessening the Victory, they say you boast of a kind of Victory, which you have not obtain'd; they say, it is true, that after an obstinate and bloody Fight of 4 Hours, the Night parted the Armies, that you had some Advantage upon one Line of the Infantry, which occasion'd your taking some more Prisoners than they. But that the *French*, who 'tis known had no Design to come to a decisive Action, drew off in the Night, and making their Retreat in very good Order, have yet their Forces unbroken; that their Horse are still entire, being by your own Confession not much engag'd, that they carry'd off all their Cannon and Baggage, &c. That where you attempted to break in upon their Horse, you were beaten off, and that with considerable Loss, as in the Paper printed by Authority is acknowledg'd, where the *Prussian Gens d'Arms* lost half their Number, *that is*, were entirely ruin'd. That, when presuming your Victory greater than it was, you sent a Body of Horse in Pursuit of the *French* towards *Ghent*, they were so well receiv'd by the *French* Grenadiers, who were posted to bring up their Reer, (a certain Token of an orderly Retreat) that they were fain to go home again far otherwise than Conquerors—
And the like.

Rev. It is very hard, that among this Protestant pretending Nation there should be still found a Party, to whom a Victory over the *French* is a Misfortune; and it is very much our Disaster, that there are more than one or two Parties among us, of whom this is but too true; some in Pique at Persons, some at Parties, some as it crosses their rising Designs, stands in the way of their new Projects; for my Part, I shall not run in upon Parties, or Persons, but I crave leave to tell them all, *let it fall where it will*, it is an ill Token upon their Party, as well as upon their Persons, that their Projects, and a Victory over the *French* should in the least clash with one another. It is no Breach of Charity for me to say, that those People who strive to lessen our Joy, *hear little share in it*; that they who industriously strive to make our Victories ap-

pear less than they are, desire to have them be less than they are.

It is a certain Token of the Truth of our publick Accounts of the Victory, that wherever the Enemy had any Advantage, these Accounts own it, where we receiv'd any Loss, they are particular in it. They are not afraid to say, the *French* fought obstinately, that they were fain to fetch 18 Battalions from the Left to succour the Right; that the Duke of *Marlborough* had his Hands so full, that he sent earnestly to the Left to have them employ the Enemy there to draw off their Hand—That on the Right when Prince *Eugene* had made some Openings, and sent in the Horse, they were driven out again, that the next Day in pursuing the *French* they were repuls'd. It is plain, the Action is so clear, and the Victory so undisputed, that we need no Arts to conceal any Part of it; that the *French* fought very desperately, is acknowledg'd, and behav'd much better than at *Ramellies*. That their Horse have not suffer'd much, that they are not entirely broke, as at *Ramellies*; all this is true, but that we have for all that obtain'd a great Victory, is as certain; that it has given us a Superiority in Forces, as well as in Courage, that the *French* are diminish'd at least 20000 Men, slain, Prisoners and wounded; *this is true*, and the Conduct of the *French*, since the Battle plainly confesses it, and the Accounts given, make no more of it.

M. Why truly, our forward News-mongers with their Epithets of *Entire*, *Complete*, *Glorious* and *Wonderful*, which they add to magnifie every Action, do us more Harm than Good, and give these Phlegmatick People Opportunity to lessen things again as much as they can—But you see, the true Accounts are impartial, need no Glosses, nor make use of any, but set Matters in a true Light; we have as much Victory as they tell of, and they tell of as much as gives us sufficient Cause for all the Joy and all the Triumphs we have made; and those People that would have it be no Victory, because there are any of the Enemy left, give us a shrewd Sign to guess, that they would be willing there should be more of them left than there are—

Rev. It

Rev. It is very odd, and but a melancholly Reflection, that there should be any such Kind of People left among us in this Nation; pray, can you tell who they are, or what they are? Are they Protestants or Papists, Christians or *Turks*, or what Kind of unnatural Creatures are they? It would not be amiss to draw their Pictures a little, that the World might know them.

M. I shall make but a mad Picture Drawer, but their Actions paint them so exactly, that you need no more than put the Text upon them, by their Works ye shall know them. There are no less than four several Sorts of these People among us, who with much Diligence strive to lessen the Report of our Victory, and take from the Nation, if it were possible, the Foundation of their Joy, tho' I doubt not, but they shall all be disappointed; and Half of these, to their Shame, call themselves Protestants, *Brisains*, and Friends to the Revolution, and talk loudly of our Managements of things at home and abroad. — But before I come to describe these Gentlemen, I must tell you of another Branch of the Discontent, which appears but too evident, *Viz.* That we have a Party who are worse pleased with the Victory, than they would otherwise be, because of the Persons who have been Instruments in obtaining it; this runs a greater Length than most People imagine, and will require some Kind of Scrutiny into Affairs, which I have not Room for now.

Rev. It was really none of the least Happinesses to the Duke in this Victory, that Prince *Eugene* was not joyn'd him, those People would then have said, that it was HE got the Victory, not the Duke of *Marlborough*.

M. Why he was joy'd, and charg'd at the Head of the Right Wing of the Army.

Rev. Ay, ay, but his Army was not joyn'd; had his Army been joy'd, they would have said, it was Prince *Eugene* got the Victory, and had the Duke of *Marlborough* durst not fight the *French*, till Prince *Eugene* came; that being joyn'd with a vast Superiority of Troops, the *French* were obliged to yield to Numbers, and a hundred Things they would have said to have lessen'd the Duke's Conduct.

M. Nay, they do that as it is; they tell you, Prince *Eugene's* Fortune carry'd the Day; that if he had not been there, it had not been fought, or, had not been gain'd; but that the very Name of Prince *Eugene* struck a Terror into the *French* Army.

Rev. As to those *Fortune-mongers* I have nothing to say to them, they are worth no Body's Notice; it is long since, among *Christians*, that Chimera call'd *Fortune*, has dwindled quite away into the Substance PROVIDENCE, for which the Idolatry of Mankind in former Ages mistook it. — And ever since that, the Title of particular Persons to Victory, has also effectually vanish'd. — We have also found for some Years, that the *French* are not to be frighted with Names, or with the Reputation of Persons, but they fight as heartily to day against him that beat them yesterday, as against another Man. It is Conduct, Number of Forces, Advantages of Ground, and the true Rules of War they act by, and which, tho' we master them every day in the Practice, we must own, all *Europe* has learnt from them; and without Compliment to our Enemies, I believe, I may be allow'd to say of them, they fight the best with the worst Troops of any Nation in the World, which is owing to their exact Conduct and Discipline, and to the Goodness and Number of Officers they employ.

M. Nay, I am clear in that too, that Names and Generals do nothing any farther than their Conduct excell.

Rev. Nor can they say, but that the whole Conduct of this Action, the prodigious March before it, the disappointing the *French* of the strong Camp at *Leffels*, and the surprizing them into a Battle, was wholly the Duke of *Marlborough's*, and let it make who it will uneasy, I cannot help it, Justice ought not to be deny'd, where Merit makes so fair a Demand, and, especially where we are Gainers by that very Merit we would so gratefully conceal.

M. Ay, you will say any thing of this kind, they say; it's known, they say, that you will always cry up the Victor, the World has been expecting another Hymn to Victory from you upon the Occasion, and a new Court to the D. of *Marlborough*.

Rev. Long

Rev. Long they may expect it then, I assure them; my Harps are long since hung on the Willows, my Brains have done crowing; a harsh & Condition, a distracted, unsettled Circumstance, and a general War with the World, with the constant Attacks of private and public Enemies and Misfortunes, for a Series of 16 Years in a State of Affliction, and yet without Prospect of Deliverance, might have broke a stronger Genius than mine; and I am not at all ashamed to say, I am not qualify'd; and as for courting without Merit, I have so much abhor'd it in others, that I shall not attempt it my self, and therefore if ye expect any thing of that Nature from me, Gentlemen Poets, you will be disappointed.



BARTLETT'S Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures, which have gain'd so Universal Esteem, are now, yet farther improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the Shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to Infants of a Day Old, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked. By P. Bartlett at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot Street in Goodmans Fields; London.

NOTE, He forges and finishes his Trusses himself, by which means he daily Improves his Inventions.

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THose who have Met, do Resolve to Proceed by the Method Propos'd, which they hope cannot fail of Success, if not baffled by delay of the Persons concern'd, to unite their Interest. They that do not merit and Incurage the Proceedings, may never expect another such Opportunity.

There is much work to do before the sitting of the Parliament, and none can be in disburse above one Shilling on a hundred Pounds to try the Issue.

They meet at the House on the Right hand going up to the Parliament House in Old Pallace Yard, Westminster, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Frydays.

Thomas Pritchard, at the Saracens-Head in Little Carter Lane, near St. Paul's, London, having a Son who had a very bad Rupture, and applying to Mr. Bartlett, at the Golden Ball in Prescot-street in Goodman's-Fields, London, He perform'd the Cure in four Days to my great Surprise, and my Son has remain'd well ever since.

This is to give Notice, that I Richard Baker, of Lawrence-Poltnes Lane, Cannonstreet, London, having had a Rupture for about fifty Years; at last I apply'd my self to the late Mr. Christopher Bartlett, at the Golden Ball by the Tavern in Prescot-street in Goodman's-Fields; who, by his ingenious Invention of Spring-Trusses and Rupture Spirits, with the Blessing of GOD, made a perfect Cure in about eight Months, and I have been perfectly well ever since, which is about four or five Years.

NOTE, His Son P. Bartlett lives at the same Place as above-mention'd, and carries on the same Business, as his Father did; having been by him thoroughly Instructed therein.